

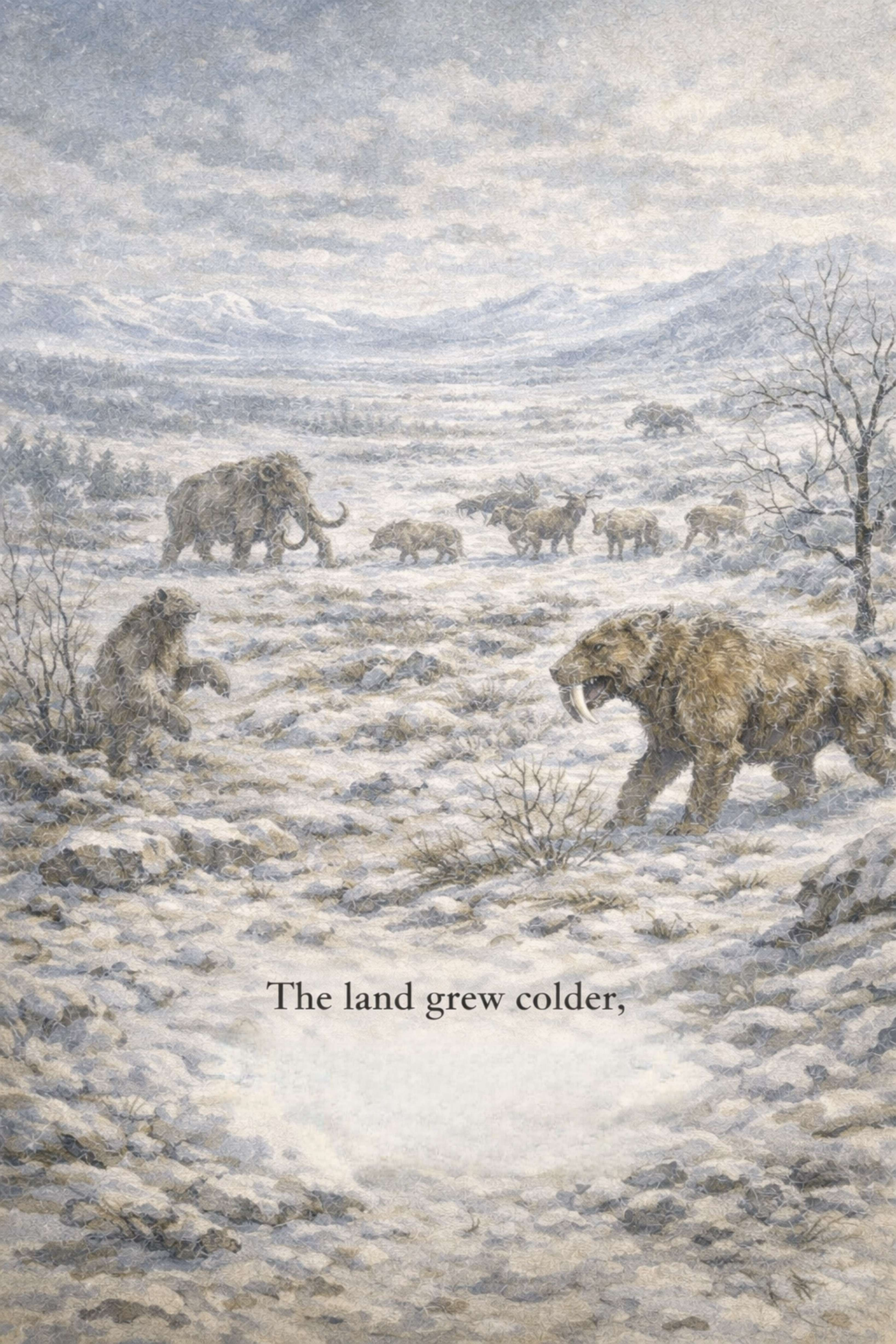


A STORY OF THE STONE AGE

VOLUME III



Japheth went north,
away from the fields,
away from the cave.



The land grew colder,



The waters had fallen,
but the earth was still sick.



She shivered beneath her new skin,
her bones creaking where that had cracked.





The land was still drifting apart slowly
continents sliding like fevered limbs



Then came the long sigh—
the first breath of winter.

medicine
for a wounded world. —



the ash

gathered like blankets instead,
dimming the sun,

turning warmth into shadow. —



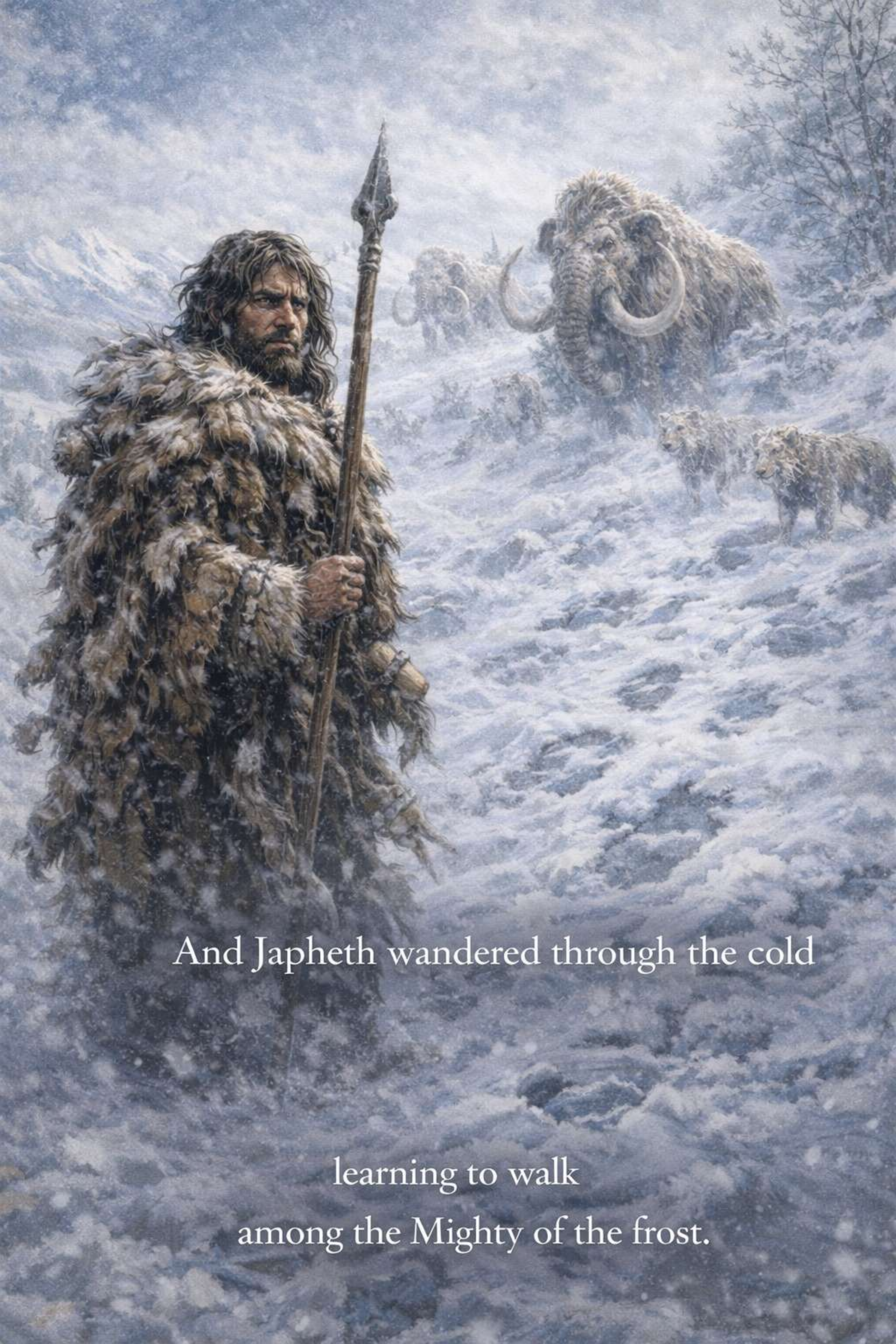
The mighty beasts trembled.



Their roars grew quiet.



Their tracks faded
under the ice.

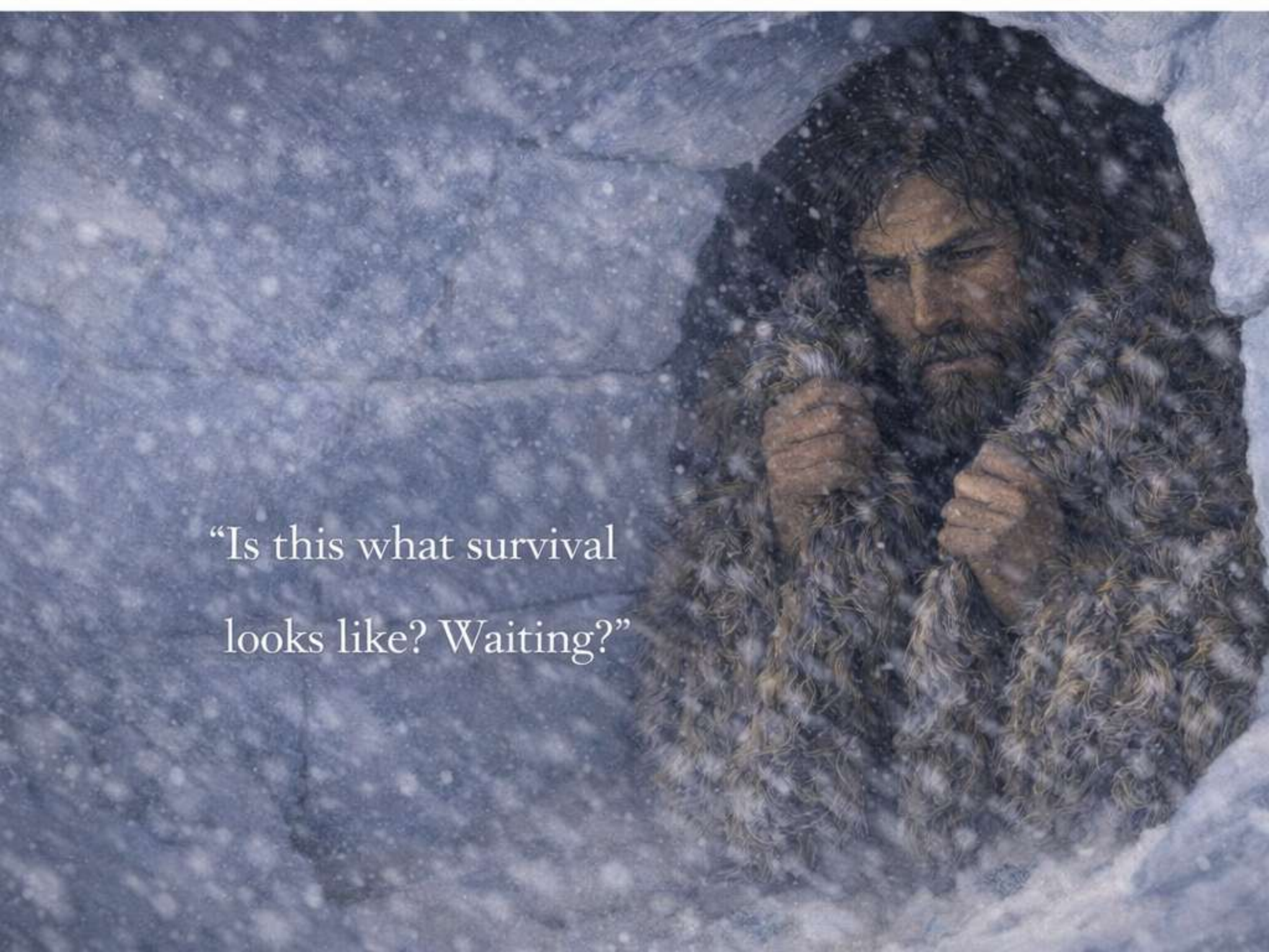


And Japheth wandered through the cold

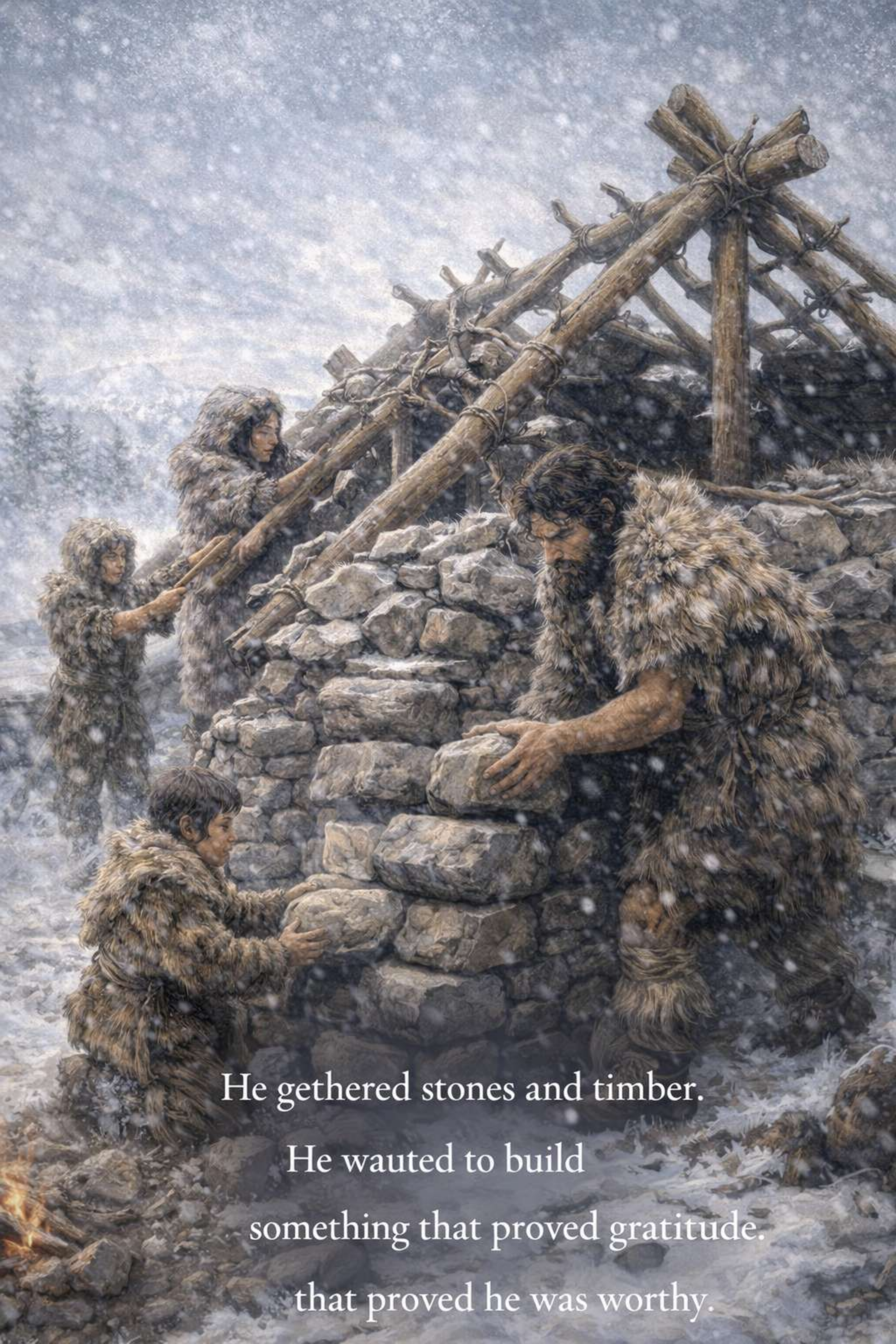
learning to walk
among the Mighty of the frost.



He dug into the snow,
and he whispered,



“Is this what survival
looks like? Waiting?”



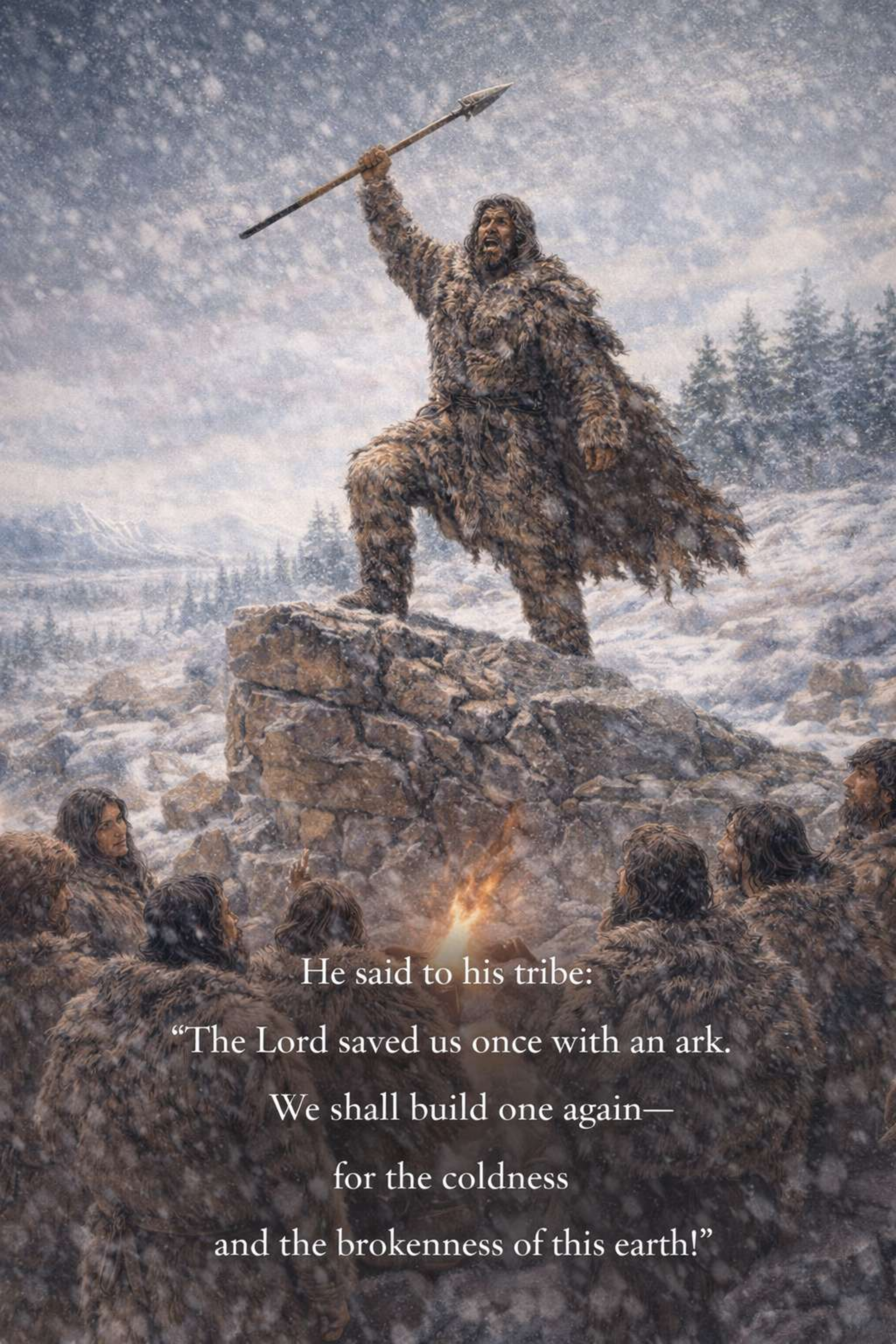
He gethered stones and timber.

He wauted to build
something that proved gratitude.
that proved he was worthy.





He carried the blueprints of the ark
in his memory,
each beam and curve
etched into his dreams.



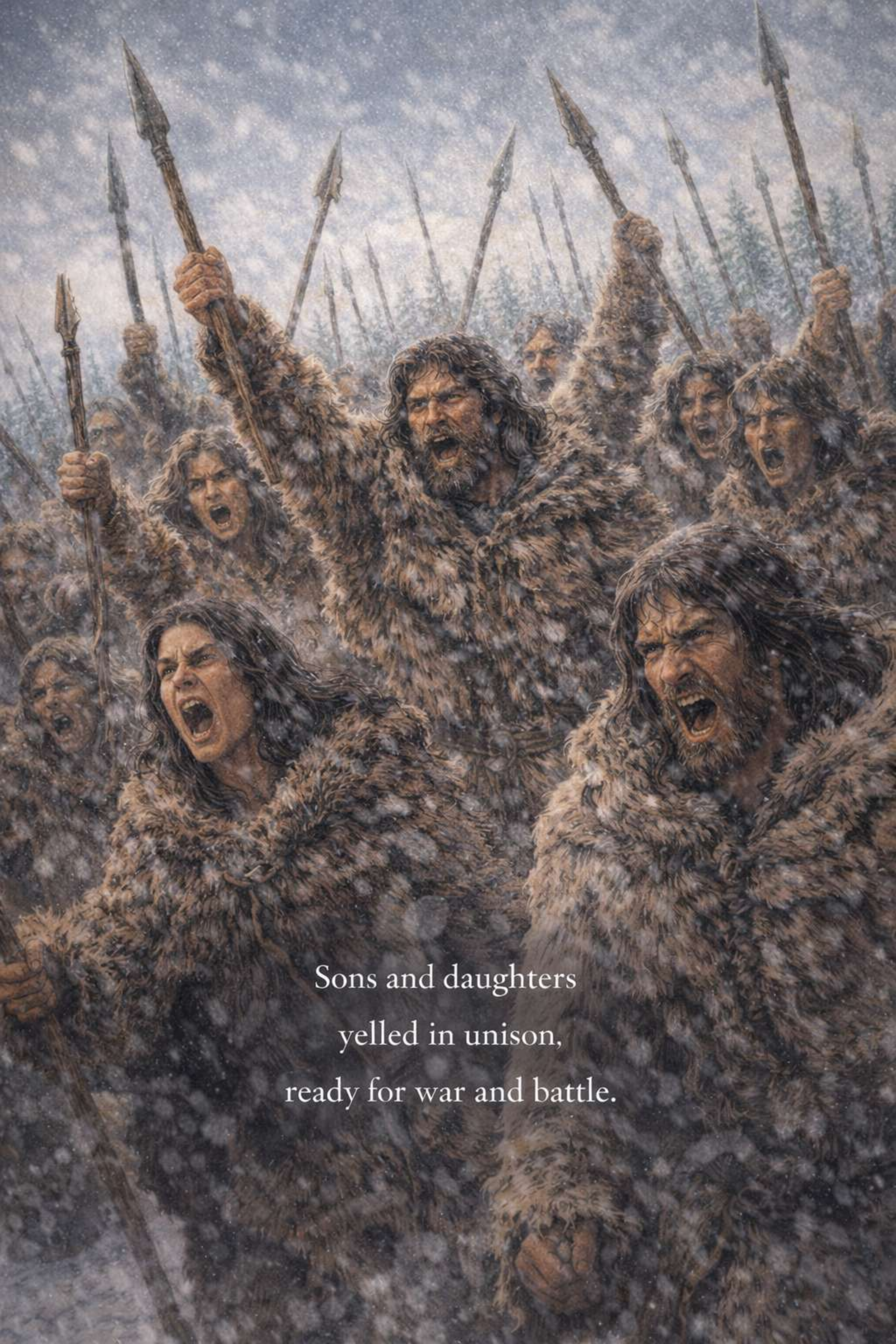
He said to his tribe:

“The Lord saved us once with an ark.

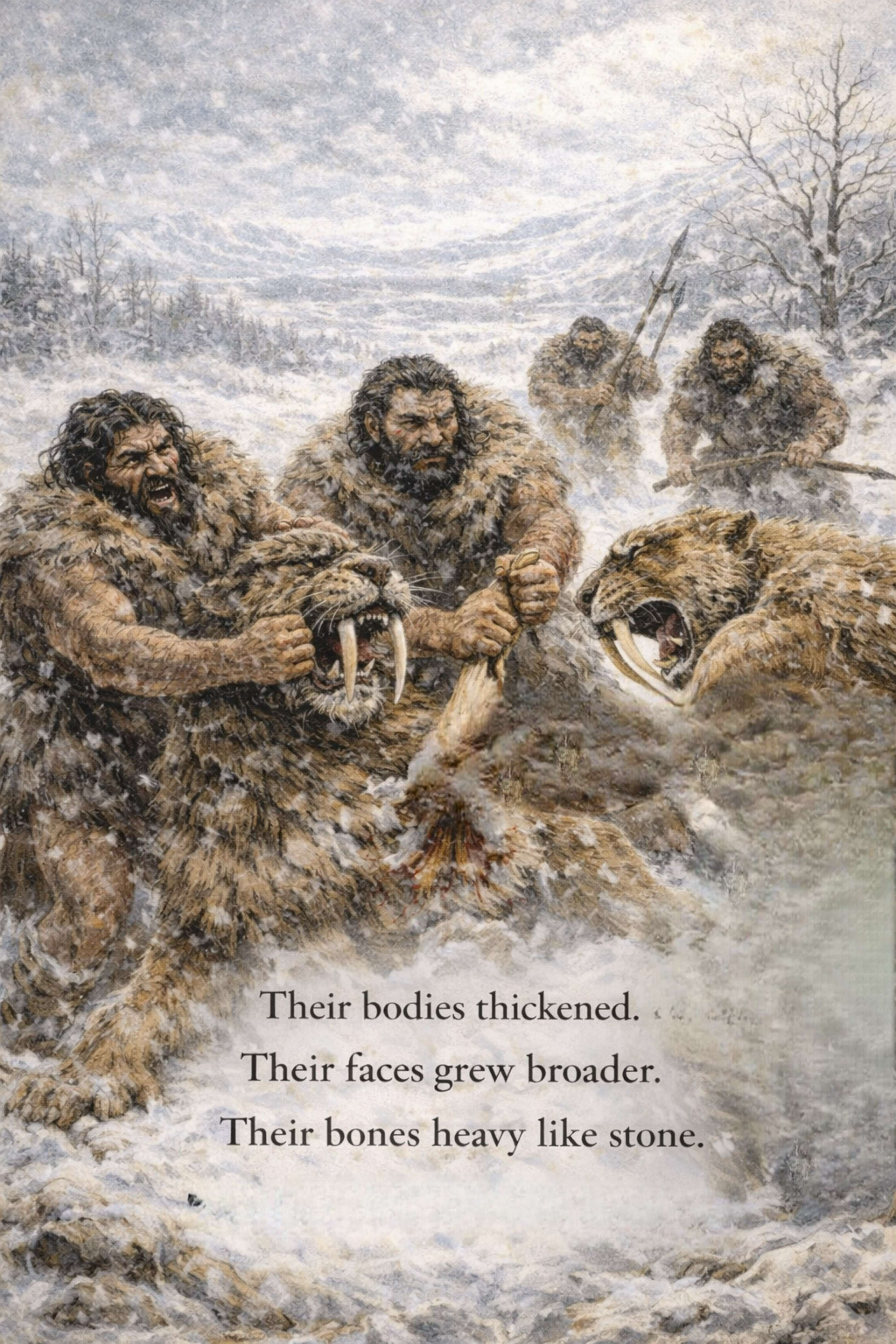
We shall build one again—

for the coldness

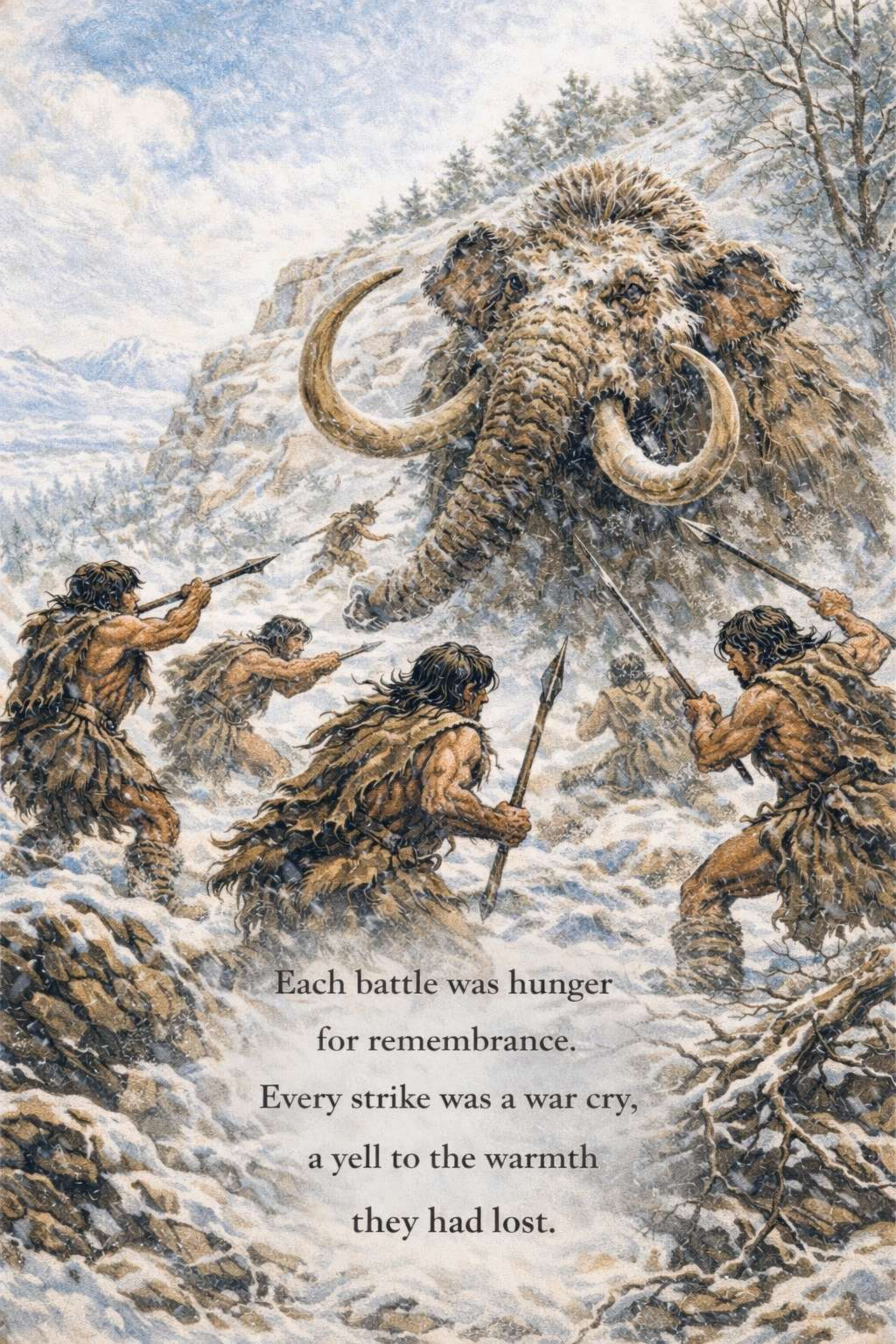
and the brokenness of this earth!”



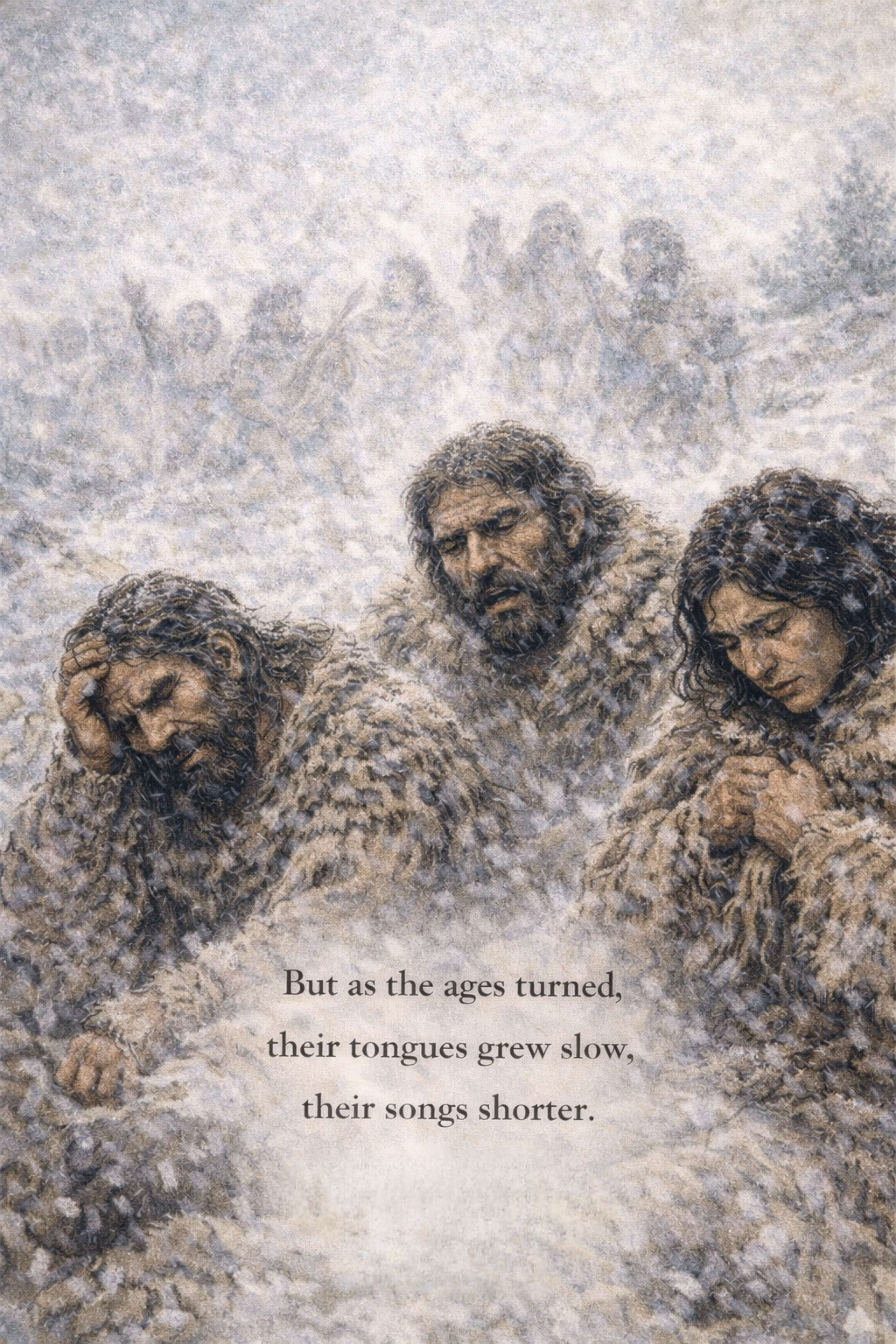
Sons and daughters
yelled in unison,
ready for war and battle.



Their bodies thickened.
Their faces grew broader.
Their bones heavy like stone.



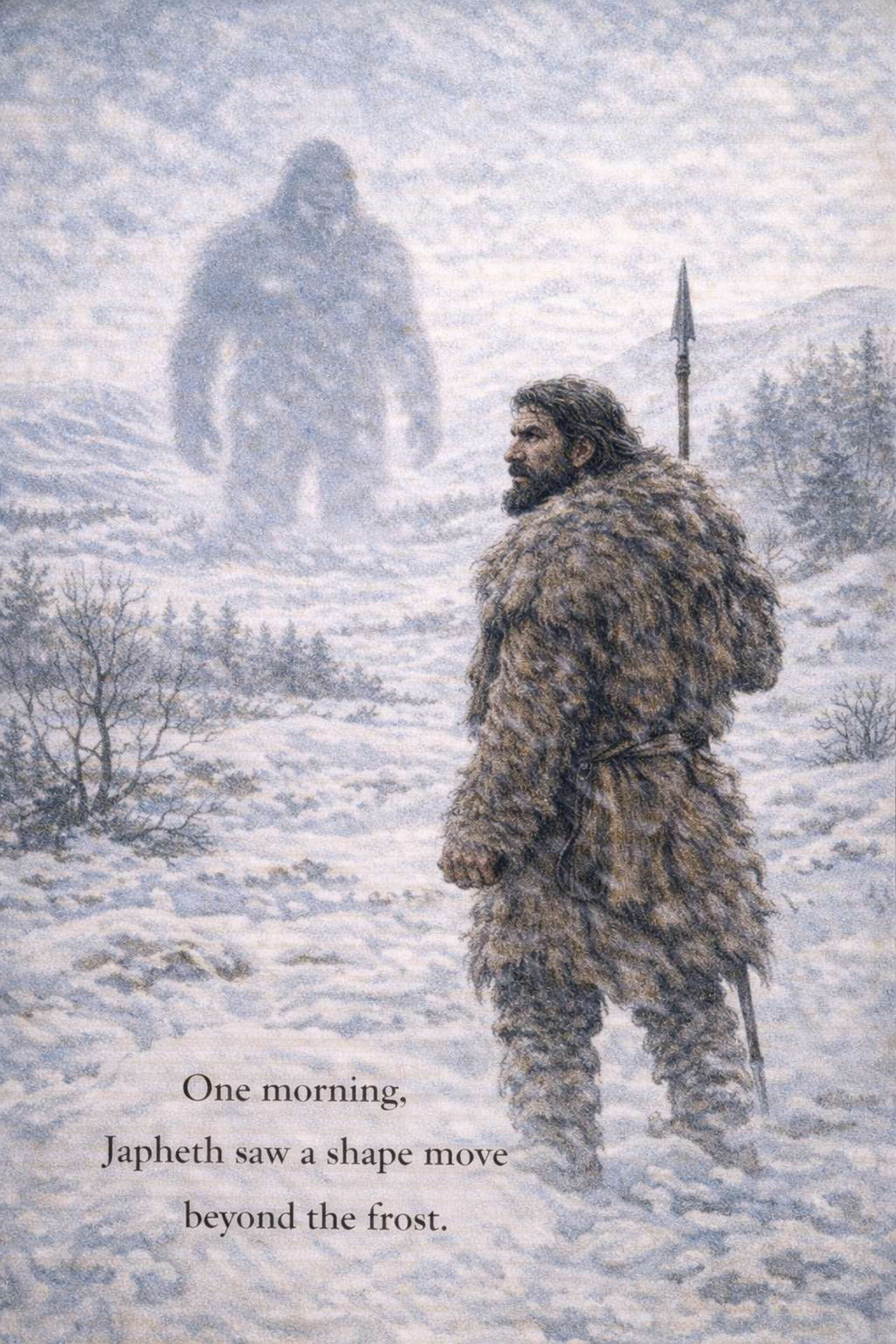
Each battle was hunger
for remembrance.
Every strike was a war cry,
a yell to the warmth
they had lost.

A painting of three men in a misty, mountainous landscape. The men are dressed in heavy, textured, brownish-grey robes. The man on the left is looking down with his hand to his forehead. The man in the center is looking forward with a somber expression. The man on the right is looking down. In the background, several tall, jagged mountain peaks rise from a misty valley. The overall tone is somber and atmospheric.

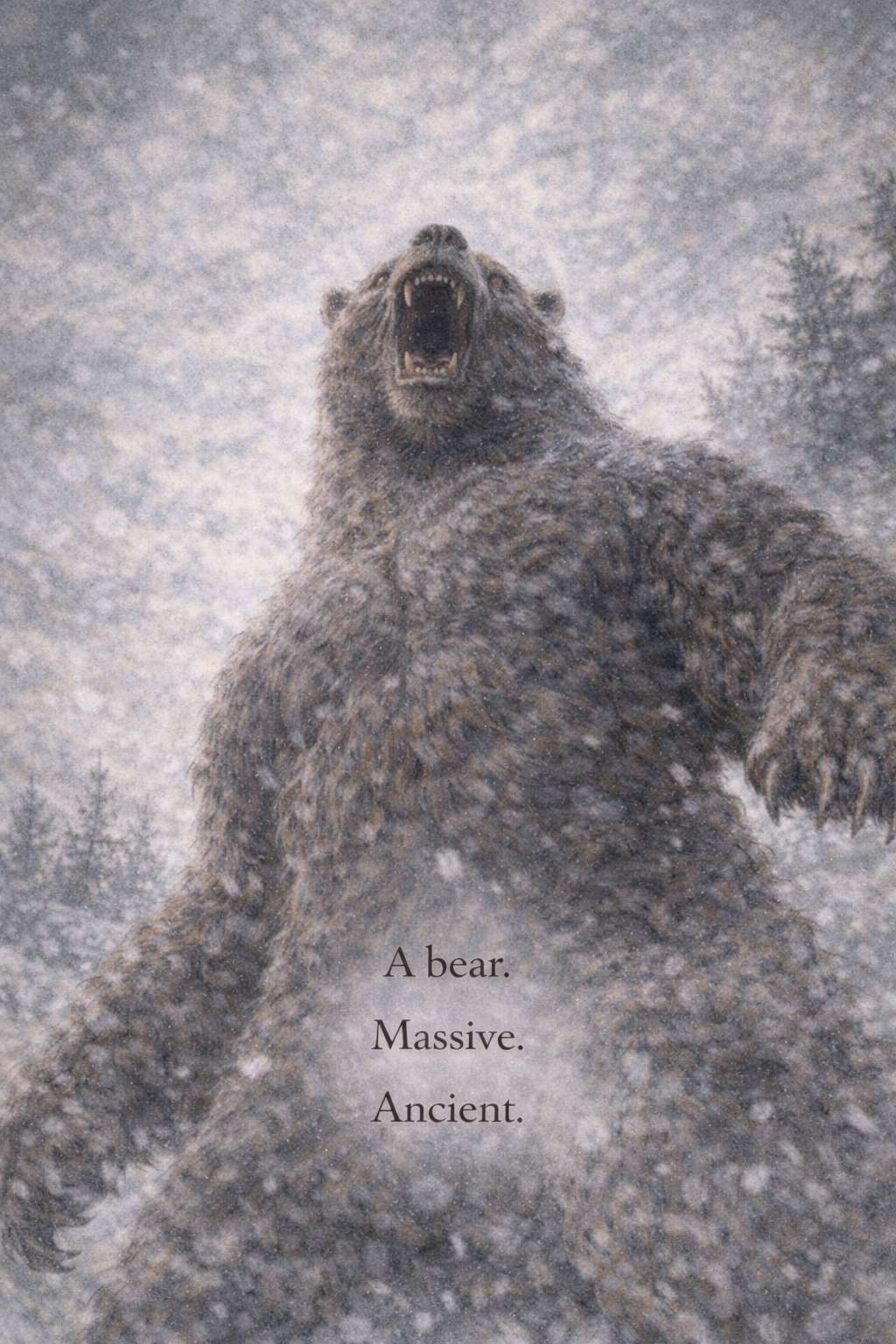
But as the ages turned,
their tongues grew slow,
their songs shorter.



Words turned to grunts,
and faith to instinct.



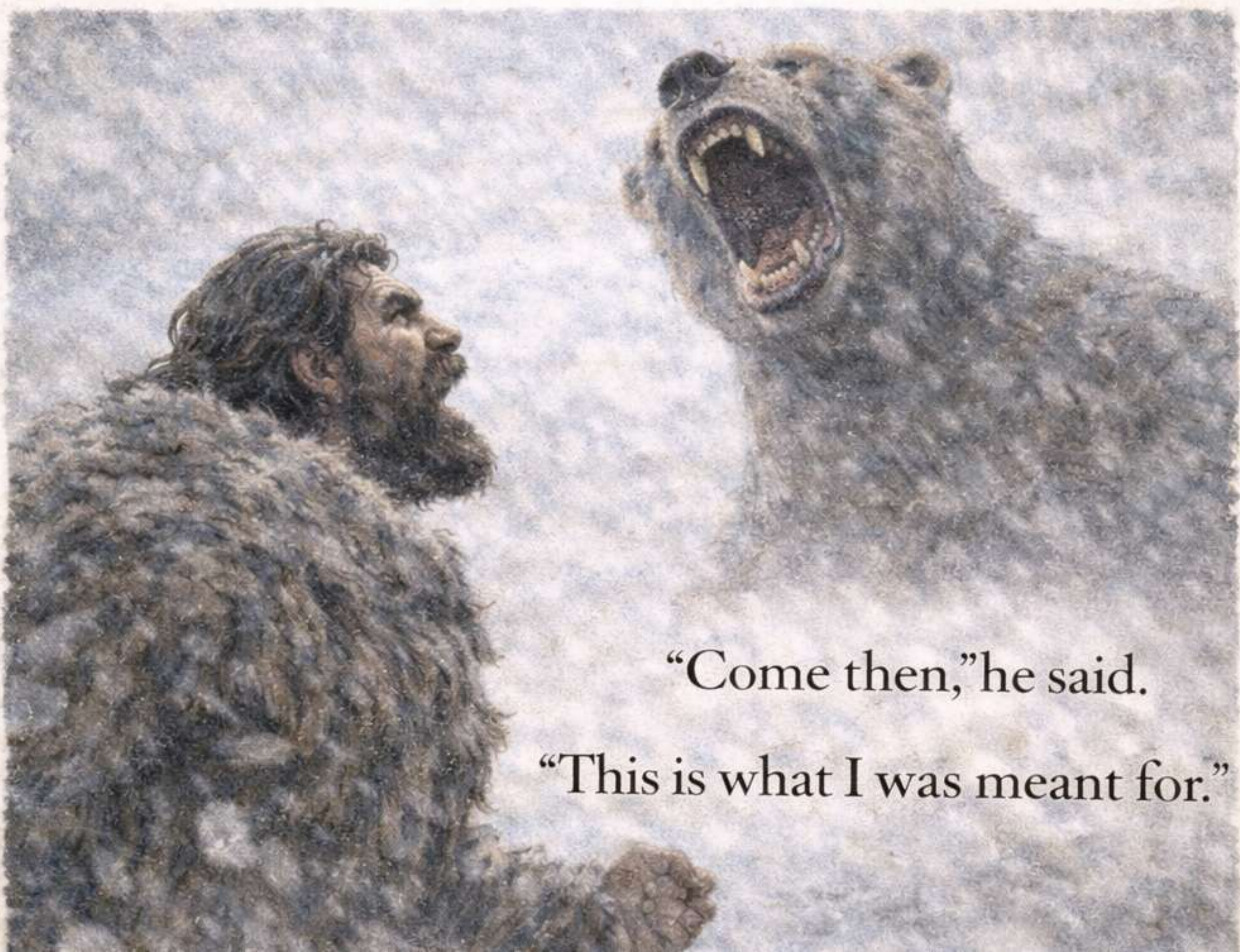
One morning,
Japheth saw a shape move
beyond the frost.



A bear.
Massive.
Ancient.

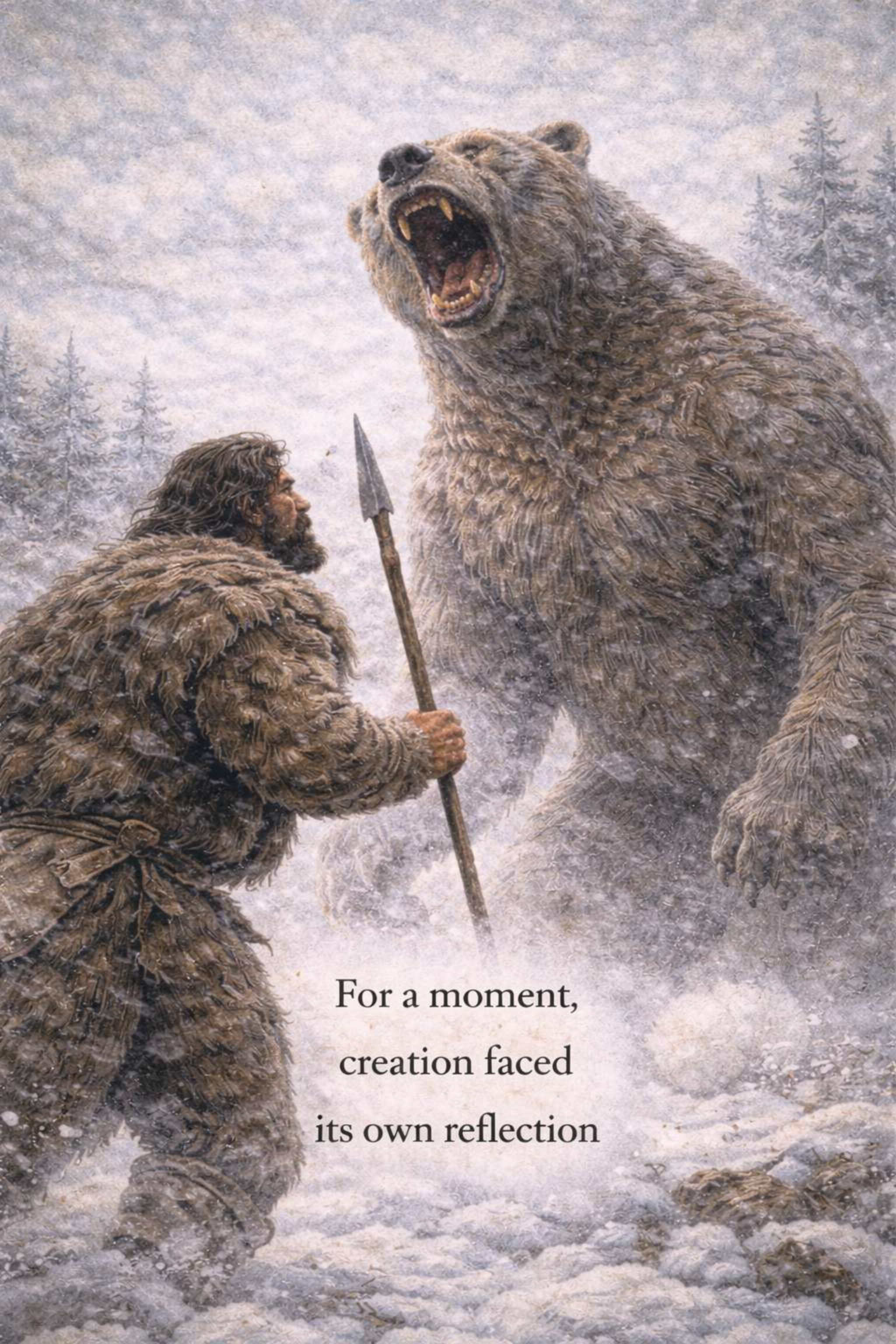


His sons fled, but Japheth stayed.



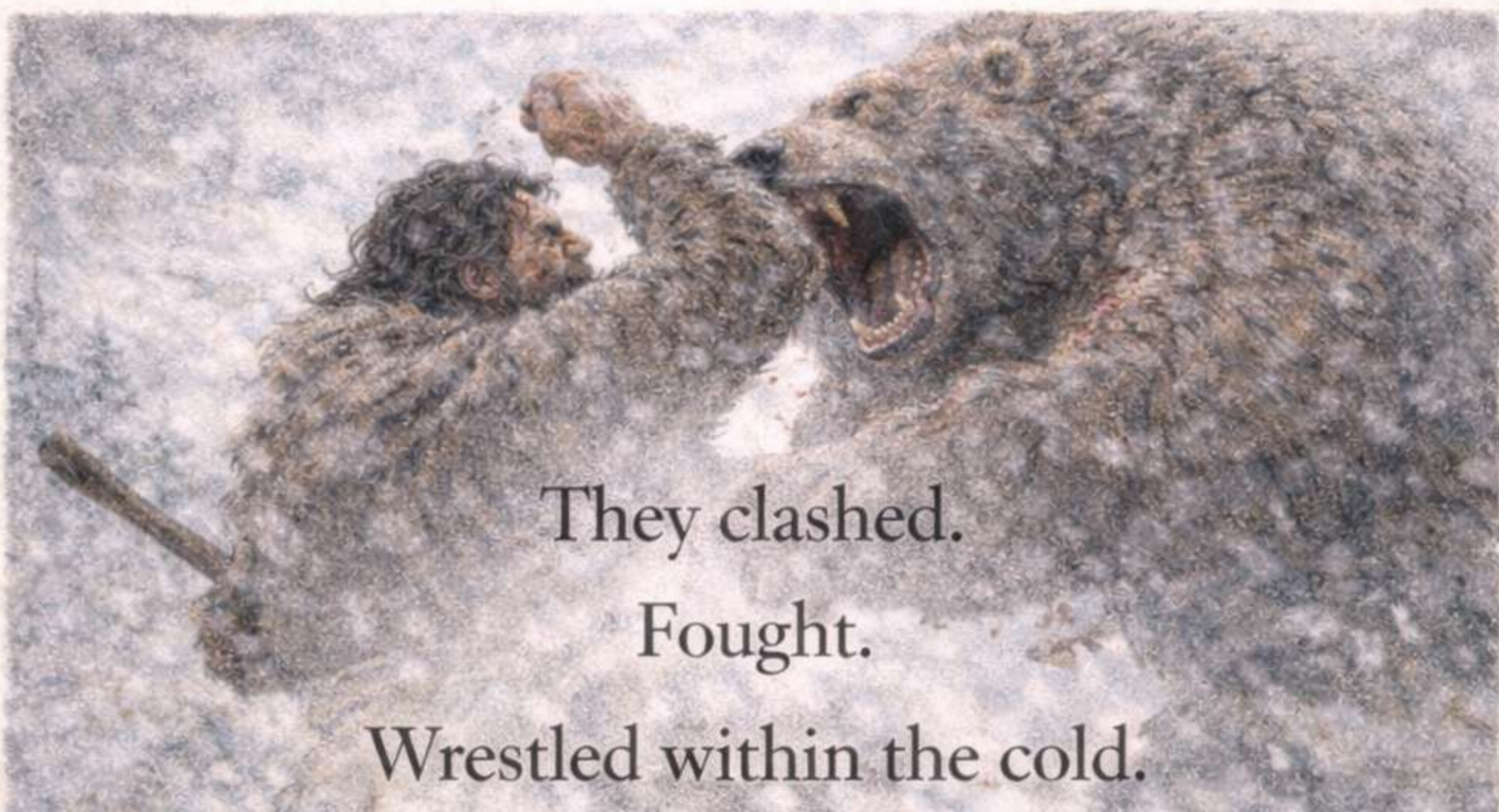
“Come then,” he said.

“This is what I was meant for.”



For a moment,
creation faced
its own reflection





They clashed.

Fought.

Wrestled within the cold.

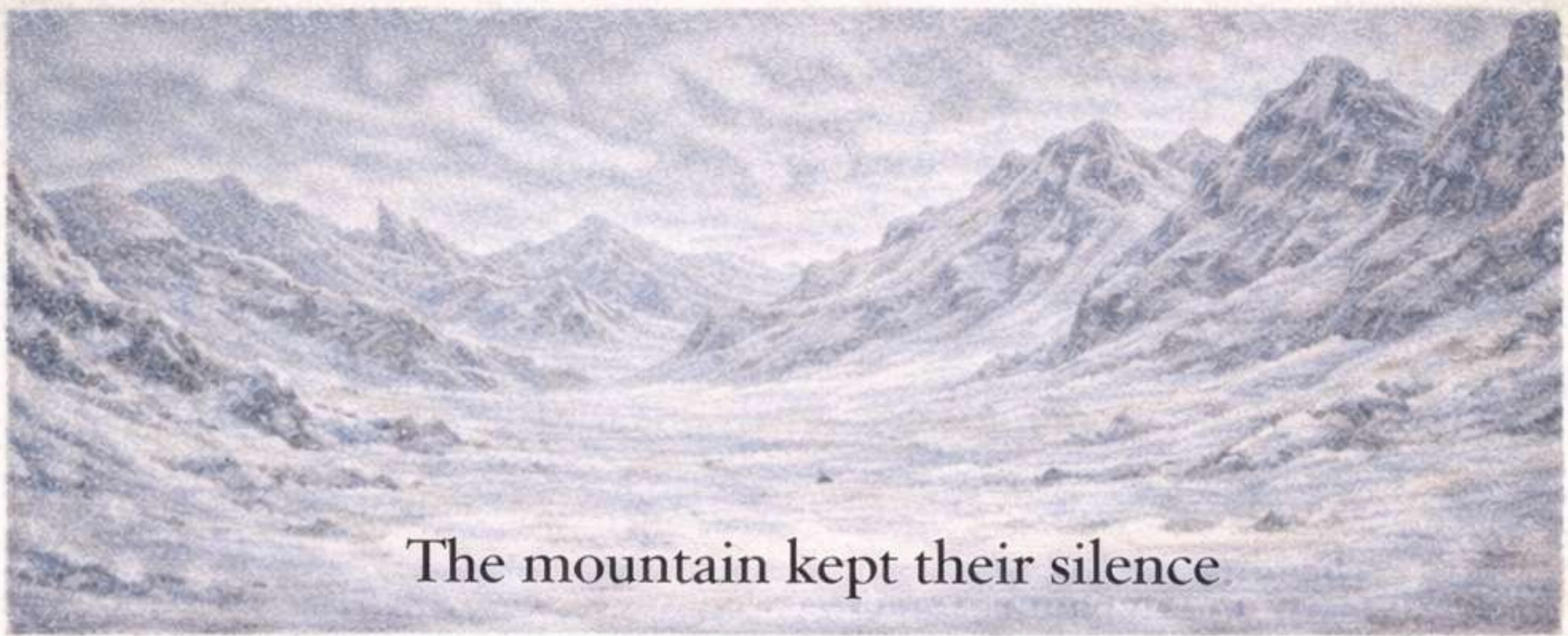






He realized
he had not just fought a bear.

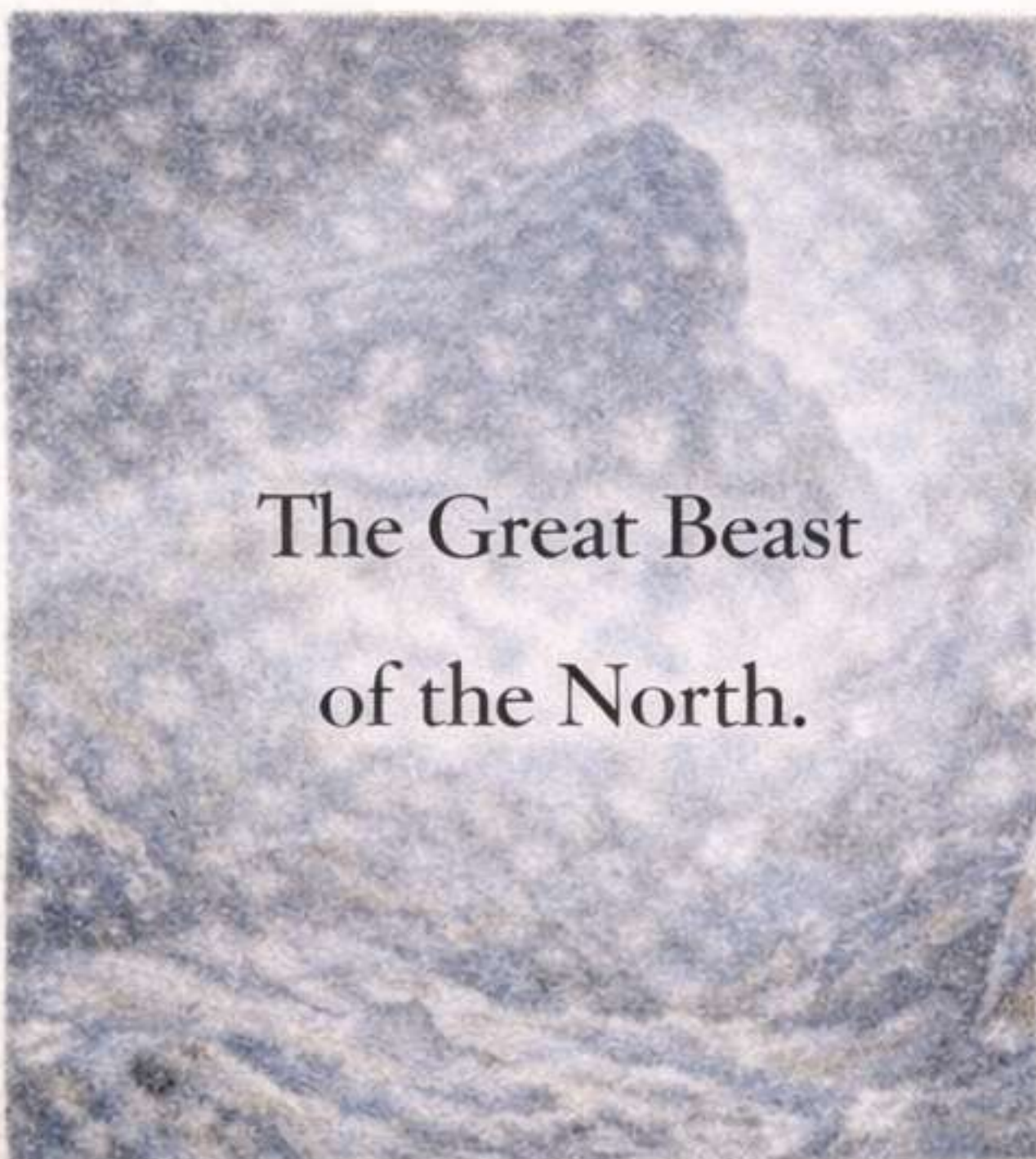
He had fought
the need to prove himself.



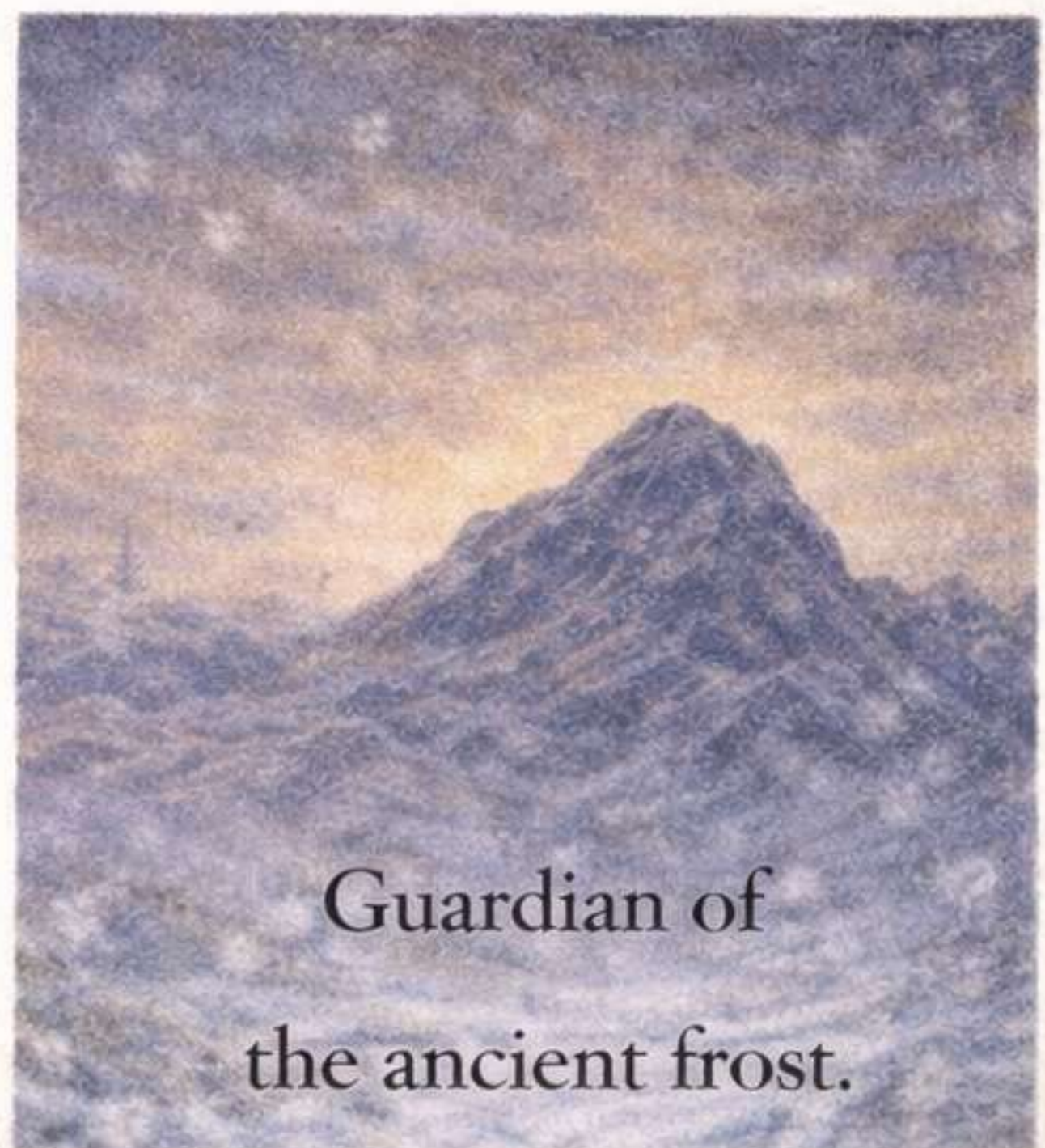
The mountain kept their silence



and whispered a new name—



The Great Beast
of the North.



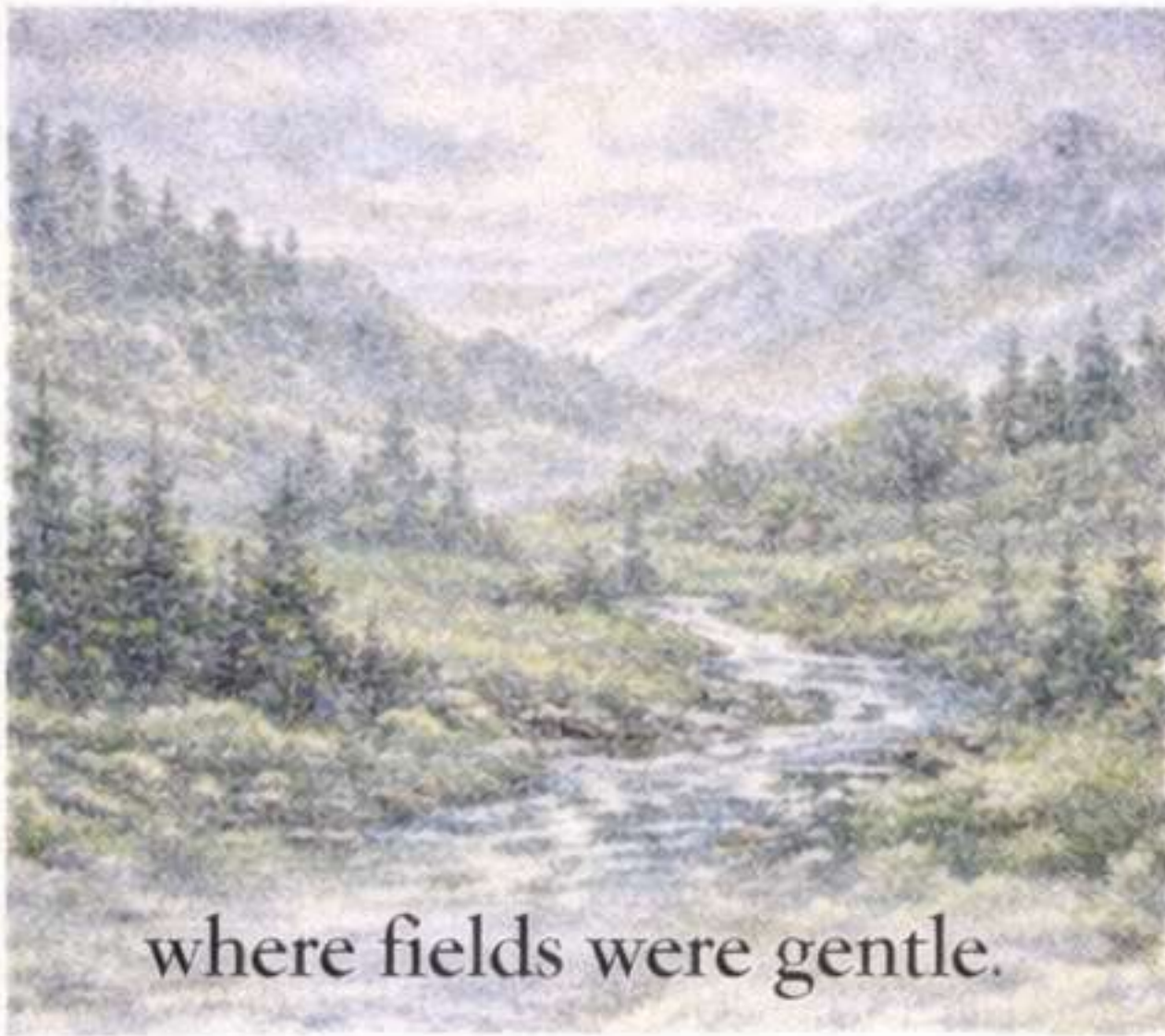
Guardian of
the ancient frost.



But Japheth was filled with grief.
For he had seen a mirror of himself—
a guardian
with no relief.



His family grew stone cold.
Japheth decided to leave them all
and return south

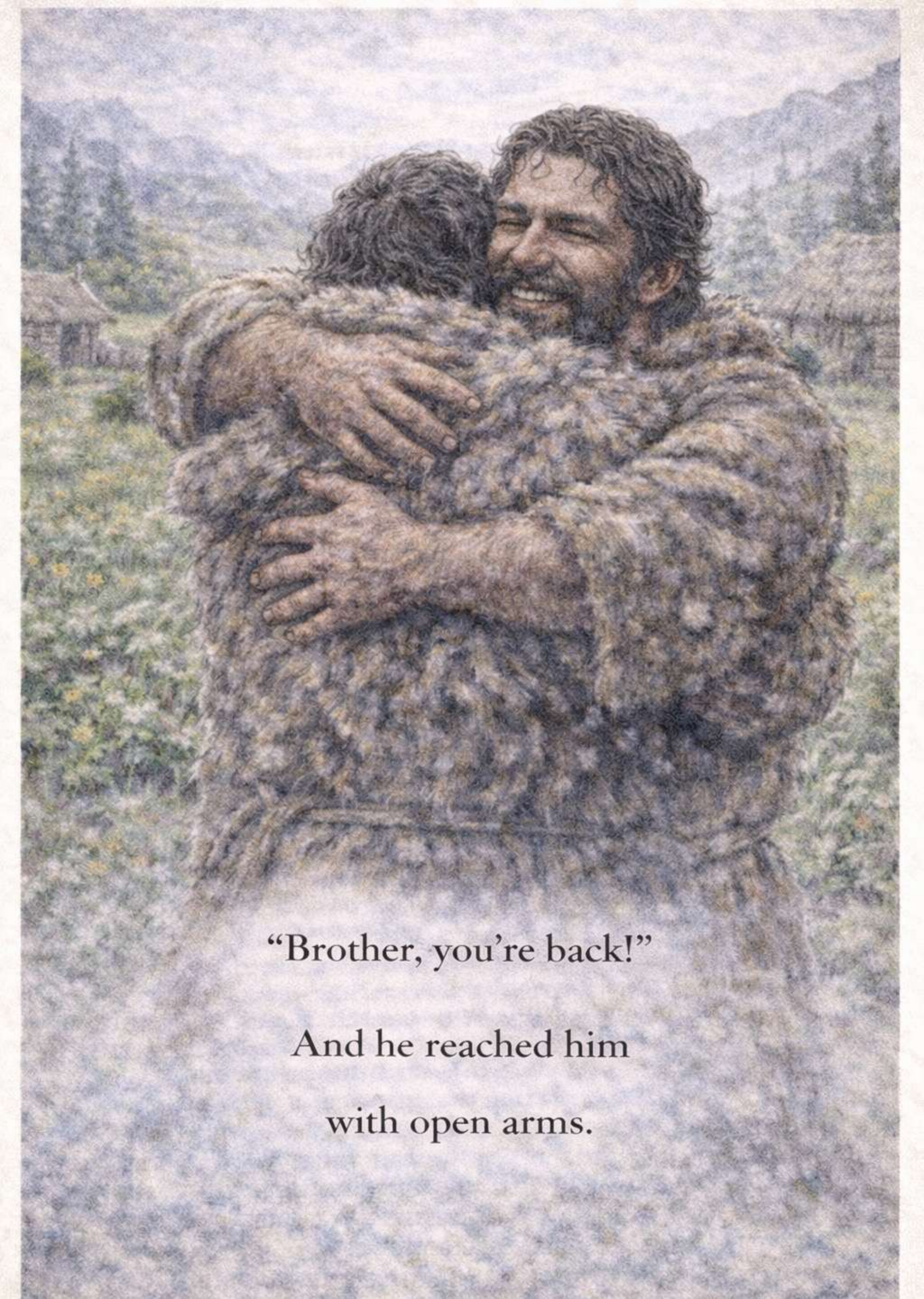


where fields were gentle.



He found the lands of Shem,

and men still prayed
before they labored.

A painting of a man and a woman embracing in a field. The man, on the right, has dark, curly hair and a beard, and is smiling broadly with his eyes closed. The woman, on the left, has dark, curly hair and is wearing a dark, textured garment. They are both wearing heavy, dark, textured clothing. The background shows a field of green and yellow flowers, with a small house and trees in the distance under a cloudy sky.

“Brother, you’re back!”

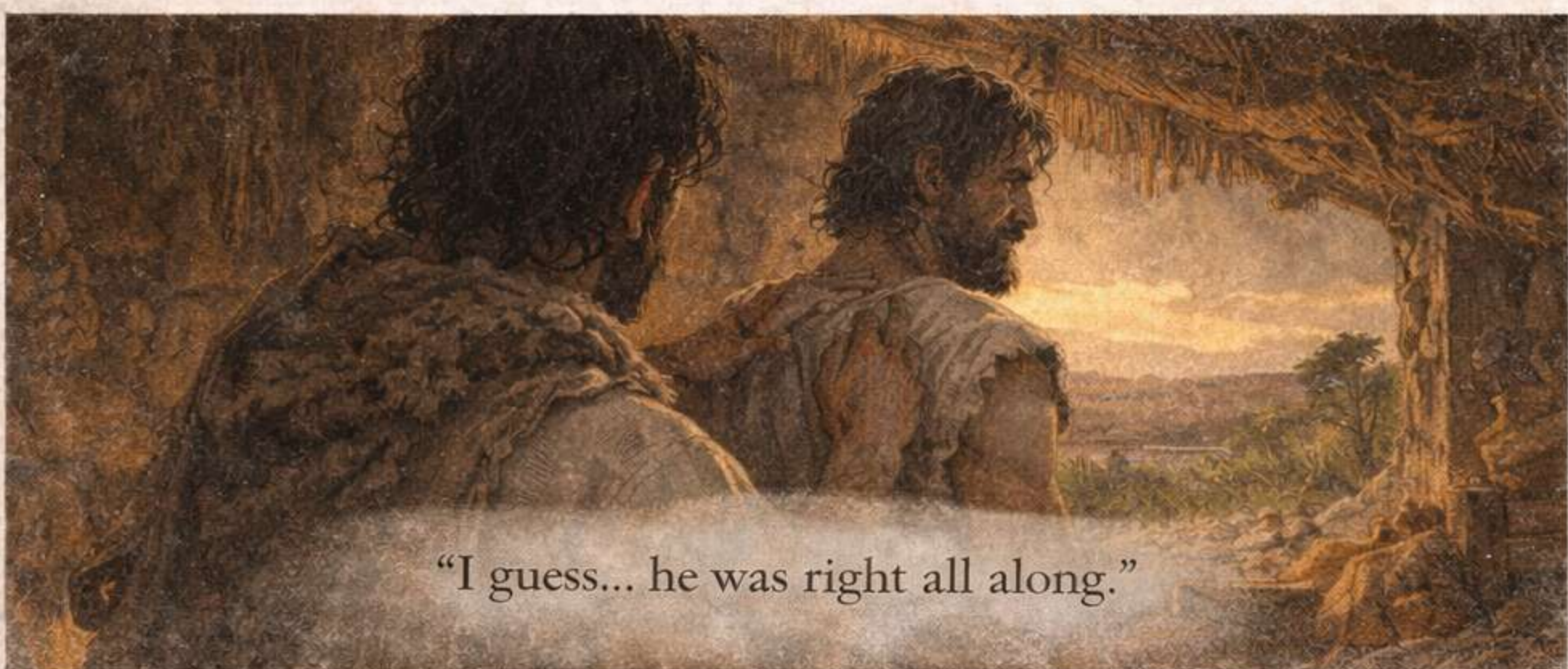
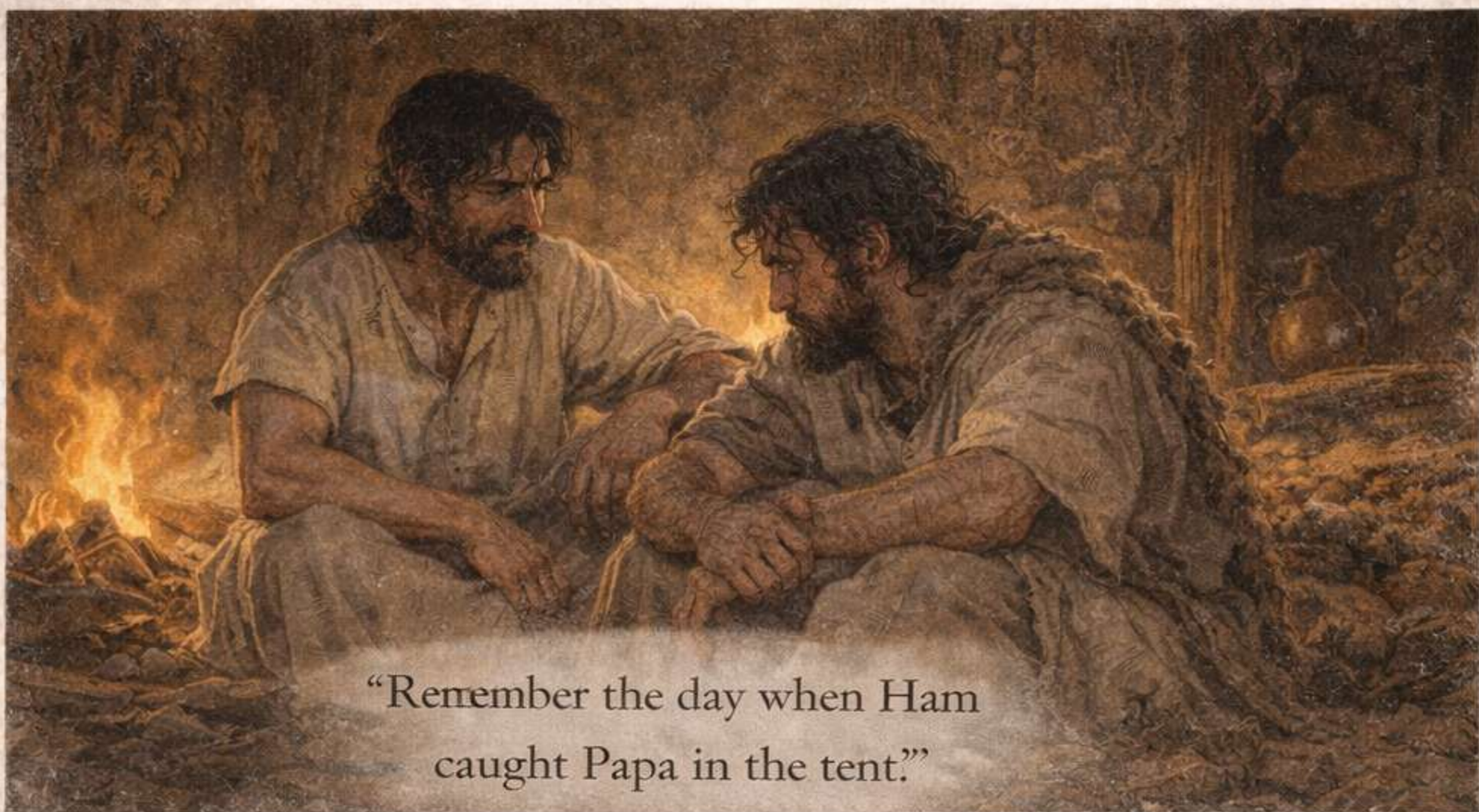
And he reached him
with open arms.



Shem said nothing. He knew all Japheth needed
was warmth.



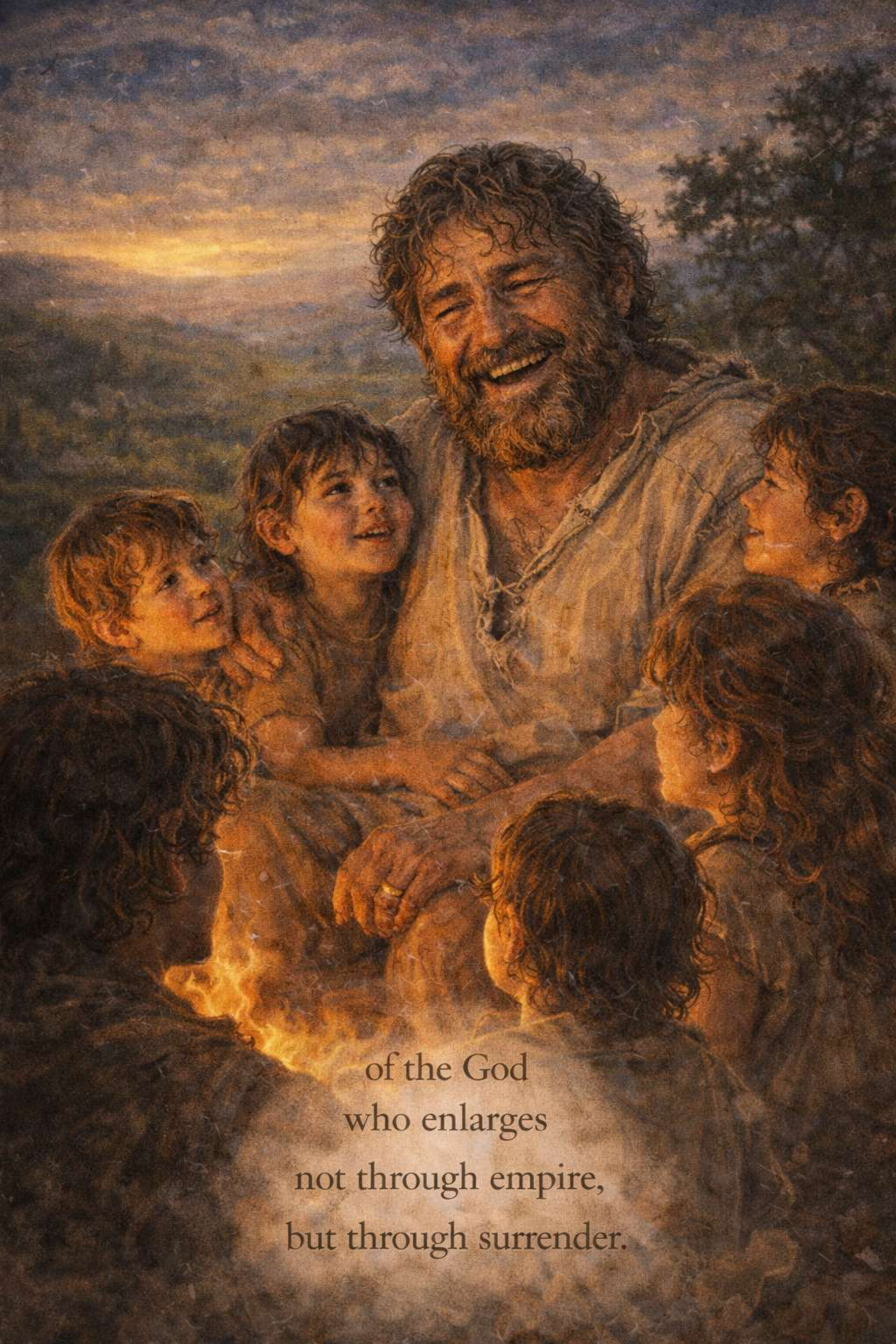
Fur was replaced with linen.
Cold with fire.







with fire and warmth



of the God
who enlarges
not through empire,
but through surrender.